

## Department Store

Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Jewelry, Photographs, Curios, Kodaks, Newspapers, Books, Periodicals, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Furniture, Carpets, Upholstery, Logging and Mining Equipments, Everything Needed on the Frontier, Everything Suitable for the City. Information in regard to Big Game Hunting Grounds and Scenic Attractions of the Stikine, a Specialty. Transportation Arranged.

## Try our New Brand of Flour

The **VIENNA** Patent

for which we are Sole Agents

This Flour is equal to, or better than any other brand of flour made on Puget Sound

In order to introduce it to our customers, we will sell it at the reduced price of

**\$1.60 Per Sack**

DURING THE CONTINUANCE OF THIS AD.

**F. MATHESON**

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

## ALASKA FISH AND COLD STORAGE CO.

Above is the title of a company which was recently organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of South Dakota, and, as the name implies, the business of the company will be to buy and ship all kinds of Alaskan food fish and fish products. The specialties will be, however, the handling of canned halibut, smoked white king salmon and shipping green fresh fish to the eastern markets in cold storage packages, the processes being owned alone by this company. The company will begin business with a forty-ton carbon dioxide compressor with a freezing capacity of thirty tons of ice, or a storage capacity equivalent to the evaporation of fifteen hundred tons of ice, daily.

The officers of the company are J. A. Mason, president and general manager, John R. Nagle, Vice President; F. E. Baldwin, secretary, and C. E. Baldwin, treasurer. The general offices of the company will be at 71-72 Journal building, Boston, Mass. John R. Nagle is the senior member of the firm of Nagle & Co., wholesale fish dealers of Boston, and C. E. Baldwin is treasurer of the Massachusetts Loan & Guarantee Co., of Boston. The eastern agents of the company are Nagle & Co. and F. J. O'hara, the largest fish dealers on the Atlantic coast.

President Mason arrived on the Cottage City, bringing with him Capt. York, who will have charge of the water front work, Chas. Freeman, who is to have charge of some department, and Harry Kay, stenographer. At Wrangell Mr. Mason leased the launch Seagirt, and, after hiring O. P. Cole to superintend piling and building, and Fred Amundson, Darby Choquette and Charley Olson for helpers, left out yesterday for the site of the new establishment. The first piling, to carry the cold storage plant, will be driven at a point two miles north of Midway rock, opposite Pt. Lockwood beacon in Wrangell Narrows, where there is abundant water power and an ideal building site. An attempt will be made to get the buildings ready to receive the machinery by the middle of May, so that the fall run of fish may be handled.

After the cold storage building is finished, clearing will be done for the other buildings, and these will be erected in as quick succession as possible. It is the intention to put in a sawmill with a capacity sufficient to cut the box lumber to be used by the cold storage and cannery. In order to communicate with Wrangell, two fifty-mile wireless telephone instruments will be installed—one at the plant and one at the cable station here. By this means word can be sent to Seattle in regard to fish shipments without the trouble of coming to town. In an interview with Mr. Mason, our reporter learned that under existing conditions Alaska fishermen lose a great deal by shipping their fish to Seattle commission men, who cull the fish and make short returns. When this plant is in readiness to begin handling fish, the fishermen will receive top prices for every pound, and can see their fish weighed. This fact will make a difference of thousands of dollars annually to the fishermen.

SENTINEL is always ready to boost for anything in the shape of Alaskan development, and we wish the new enterprise the fullest measure of success, as we realize that it will be of benefit to this entire section.

### GOOD NEWS FROM OLYMPIC

The Olympic Mines, which have not been doing much of late, promise better returns in the future. The ore has always been known to be of fair value, but it lacked the quantity necessary to render its development profitable. Last Christmas while Charley Smith was knocking about the woods, he found a projecting rock that looked good to him, and last Thursday uncovered a five-foot lead of the best ore yet found in that vicinity.

Nothing has yet been reported, officially in regard to the matter, but it is probable that this new discovery will cause a flurry in the affairs of the company. It is good news, at least, to learn of the discovery.

Petersburg has a football team, and we are asked to issue their challenge to Wrangell athletes for a game to be pulled off at Wrangell on any Sunday that will be convenient to the Wrangell team. Go to 'em, boys!

## THE OLD RELIABLE CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

still continues the Leader as the Depot for

**BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES**

**You will Save 10 Per Cent**

By coming to this store for your Groceries, Fruits, Clothing, Hats Caps, Boots, Shoes, Laces, Threads, Hosiery, Hardware, Etc.

**Big Outfits a Specialty**

**CALL ONCE AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED**

## St. Michael Trading Company

Carry a Complete Stock in All Lines of Merchandise, Including

**Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Paints Oils, Crockery, Etc.**

**Tin Shop in Connection, in Which we are Prepared to do Any Kind of Work in that line**

**WE ARE ALSO SOLE AGENTS FOR**

**Union Gas Engines**

**Chase & Sanborn Teas and Coffees**

**Hercules Powder**

**SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORCERS**

### CHURCH DIRECTORY

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**  
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.  
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M., Sunday.  
Christian Endeavor, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.  
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.  
Midweek interpreted service, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday.  
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.  
Library Association meeting in library rooms the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.  
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

**ST. PHILIP'S—EPISCOPAL**  
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.  
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for Natives, 10:30 A. M.  
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.  
Bible School, 2:00 P. M.  
Vespers—Native service, 3:30 P. M.  
Service in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday at 4:30 P. M.  
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.  
Ladies' Aid every second Tuesday evening.  
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.  
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.  
Native Choir, Saturday evening.  
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.  
HARRY P. CORNER, Rector.

**SALVATION ARMY**  
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.  
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.  
Service at 10:30 Sunday, 10:30 A. M.  
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M.  
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:30.  
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.  
THOS. TAMAREE, Sergeant-Major.  
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

## WITH PENCIL AND SHEARS

Items of Interest Gathered From Here and There

This once turned out this week 5,000 letter heads for Wrangell Hotel. Johnny Grant knows a good thing when he sees it, and by ordering in 5,000 lots he saves \$8.50. That is business.

A week or two ago we stated that Capt. Rastad went as master of the Ragnild to the Narrows. Such was not the case, as Capt. Orr was master and Capt. Rastad his guest.

Boat building is assuming considerable proportions in Wrangell. One of the local boat shops has orders for two or three good-sized power boats, to be put up this spring. Another builder is doing a lot of repair work on several of the small boats. Two other builders have new boats under construction, and there are several amateurs at work on small rowboats. The large number of power boats already running, and the number to be built, indicates that the days of the "ash breeze" are at an end. Hunters, trappers, prospectors, fishermen, et al., are installing gasoline power in their craft.

### TRADERS AND TRAPPERS

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullman, New York, pays highest prices for furs. 1121tf

Picture frames and framed pictures at half price at W. C. Waters'.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Subscribers of this paper knowing themselves to be in arrears one year or more must settle the accounts before the first of April. Not receiving a settlement by April 1st, it will be necessary for us to discontinue the subscription to such persons and place the delinquent accounts in the hands of a collector.

Under the new ruling of the Postmaster General, publishers are given until April 1st to continue subscriptions to delinquent subscribers, but if renewals are not made on or before that date it will be necessary to discontinue sending the paper to those who have heretofore been given all the time required by them to settle their accounts. We have several accounts on our books which have been running from one to three or four years, simply because we believed the subscribers wanted the paper and intended to pay for it. We trust it will not be necessary for us to place one of these in the hands of the collection agent, and it will not be if subscribers will give this matter their immediate attention. However, if we do not hear from you on or before the first of April it will be taken for granted that you do not intend to pay without compulsion and the account will be turned over to a collector with full instructions to take any necessary steps to collect the money. Hereafter there will be no delinquent subscribers to this paper and further trouble in this respect will be avoided. If people want the paper sent regularly to their address it will be necessary for them to keep their subscriptions paid up. Due notice will be given all subscribers at the expiration of their time, and there will be no excuse for not having received the paper regularly.

We can only comply with the instructions of the postal authorities, and our subscribers can only blame themselves if they become delinquent.

Claude Erickson of the Alaska Soda Company, was down from Juneau last week and spent several days talking wet goods to our dealers, leaving up on the Cottage City. As the concern which he represents is a home industry, we think it should be patronized by our dealers.

Take your prescriptions to the Baker Drug Co. 1010tf

Mrs. Rastad has returned from a visit at Soow Bay.

The Ragnild was in Friday last with a fine lot of herring.

Walter Waters was over to Holbrook and Shakan last week.

It is unofficially stated that the sawmill will start up next Monday.

Mining Location Notices kept in stock for sale at SENTINEL office.

Samples of Goo's for Ladies or Gents' spring and summer wear already received at W. C. Waters'.

Dr. Shurick went to Juneau on the Jefferson, accompanying Perry Merwin, whom the doctor placed in the hospital for treatment.

K. J. Johansen has placed an order with a local builder for a power boat 45 feet long and 9 feet beam, to use in his fishing business.

Mr. Fredenberg and Peter Anderson night watchmen during the dry spell, one taking the east and one the west side of town from the St. Michael store.

Mr. A. T. Bennett is again one among us, having come up on the Jefferson last week to handle the sawing lever at the sawmill this season. Mrs. Bennett is expected to arrive shortly.

Capt. Thos. Smith of the Salvation Army, came in from Shakan last week and spent several days in town. He says the outlook is good for a prosperous fishing. He also added to his future happiness by ordering this paper sent to him for a year.

Three fire alarms have been turned in during the past week, and in all three cases prompt action prevented any considerable damage being done. The dry, windy weather of the past week has caused our people to be vigilant. The fire committee of the council has been making a thorough inspection of flues and stovepipes, many of which are sadly in need of repair.

Dr. Emery made the round trip to Juneau on the Jefferson.

**Richest Novelties in Toilet Goods**  
**VIOLET AMMONIA**  
Cleanses and Refreshes.  
Chamois Skins—all Kinds  
Our Sponges are Expansionists

**BRING US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS**  
**WRANGELL DRUG COMPANY**  
Wholesale and Retail Druggists

Did your Doctor recommend a Tonic? Now is the time for it.  
**FREE FOR THE ASKING**  
a set of souvenir post cards of the San Francisco fire

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

LUKE PETOVICH.

Douglas, Alaska, Feb. 19, 1908.

Whereas, our Brother, Luke Petovich met an untimely death at one of the Treadwell Mines the 15th inst., and

Whereas, our Brother was a man of good principles and a strong supporter of industrial unionism, therefore be it Resolved, that the Douglas Island Miners' Union No. 109, Western Federation of Miners, extend to the sorrowing parents, brother and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, that copies of these resolutions be sent to the parents and brother of our deceased brother, to the Miners' Magazine and to the ALASKA SENTINEL for publication, and that they be spread upon our minutes, and our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Committee: E. V. BIELICH, JOHN PETERSON, NEIL McDONALD.

ALBERT AVERY.

Douglas, Alaska, Jan. 15, 1908.

Whereas, our Brother, Albert Avery passed away at the prime of life on the 14th inst., and

Whereas, our brother was a man of sterling qualities and worth, and a strong and untiring supporter of industrial unionism and an efficient officer of our organization, therefore be it

Resolved, that Douglas Island Miners Union No. 109, Western Federation of Miners, extend to the sorrowing parents, sisters and brothers our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, and be it further

Resolved, that copies of these resolutions be sent to the parents of our deceased brother, to the Miners' Magazine and the ALASKA SENTINEL for publication, and that same be spread upon our minutes and our charter draped in mourning for thirty days.

Committee: E. V. BIELICH, JOHN PETERSON, NEIL McDONALD.

WILLIAM F. MANN

Douglas, Alaska, Feb. 19, 1908.

Whereas, our Brother William F. Mann met an untimely death at one of

## The Proof of the Pudding is the Eating

To Make Your Puddings Taste "GOOD"

**Use Baker's Flavoring Extracts**

Extract Vanilla, Extract Lemon, Extract Orange; Essence Wintergreen, Essence Peppermint, Essence Cinnamon, Essence Jamaica Ginger

**THE BAKER DRUG CO.**

C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.

Dentistry practiced in all its branches

Office in Patenaude Building

Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5

Other hours by Appointment

WRANGELL, ALASKA

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

In the Hospital Building, which I have recently bought, there are a few pieces of furniture remaining unclaimed. If the said furniture is not removed in six months from date of this notice, I will look upon same as belonging to said building.  
Wrangell, Alaska, February 20, 1908.  
MRS. ANNE THOMSEN

A letter to the SENTINEL from H. H. Jones, Victoria, states that the Cassiar miners will commence this season's work considerably earlier than usual. This means that we may expect to see these men coming through in a very mild winter. The Stikine River ice will likely break up several weeks earlier than in former years, which will allow a longer season for river navigation.

Charley Roos has decided that oars and wind are not the latest approved methods of navigation, and has ordered a power boat built.

The McKay boys came in from Bradfield last week with seven lynx and a number of marten and weasel skins as a result of a few weeks' trapping.

Orville Palmer informs us that Bert will start for Wrangell about the middle of March. Another brother will come with him from Nebraska, and remain here if he likes the country. If he is of the same mettle as Orville and Bert, we want him to stay—we need a lot of that kind of men.

After spending the winter with his wife and son at Bellingham, George H. Barnes returned last week, and will resume logging operations as soon as he gets his forces mustered.

Albert Couture has returned to Wrangell for the season's work.



## Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Why not make "Woldman, Spare That Tree" the national hymn?

A harp 414 years old has been found in Iowa. Perhaps it is the one that once through Tara's halls.

We should like to rebuke those women of Dubuque who are forcing their husbands to learn to cucus.

"Lady Subscriber" is hereby informed that money which is carried in a woman's stocking cannot properly be called elastic currency.

The New York Tribune heads a hard-times story "Corset Factory Feels the Pinch." Fewer of its patrons, then, must be feeling the squeeze.

A South Norwalk (Conn.) man has just returned home from the civil war. His wife certainly is justified in suspecting that he stopped somewhere on the way.

G. Bernard Shaw sarcastically refers to us as a nation of villagers. If it is disgraceful to be a villager a good many of us have hitherto been unaware of the fact.

Miss Mary Money, an American girl, has applied for a Jockey's license in France. If the theory that "money makes the mare go" is correct, Mary should be a success.

Judge Petit urges that engaged couples should study the law of courtship. But that would not decide who is to get up and light the fire of a morning six months after the wedding.

What if the eagle on the new \$10 gold piece does look like a turkey? If the turkey wasn't such a big fool about some things, as a national bird he would be as appropriate as the eagle.

"Why do women cultivate a special voice for the telephone?" asks the Montgomery Advertiser. Doubtless because the one they use on their husbands would put the transmitter on the blink.

A New York bank teller complains that he finds it difficult to support a family on an income of \$1,800 a year. A good many people have supposed hitherto that only millionaires were in any way connected with New York banks.

John D. Rockefeller thinks the opportunities for young men are a thousandfold greater in this country than they ever have been in the past. It must be understood, of course, that Mr. Rockefeller does not include the opportunities for getting along without working.

Reports from the surveyors who have been marking the line between Canada and Alaska indicate that as originally fixed in 1866 it was six hundred feet too far west. The United States is to have a strip six hundred feet wide and many miles long, which, until the present survey, the Canadians supposed belonged to them. The proper boundary is the one hundred and forty-first meridian northward from Mount St. Elias.

Not long ago the manager of a fashionable London restaurant refused to allow an earl and his countess to eat in the dining-room because they were not attired in the regulation evening dress. Admission to certain parts of the fashionable London theaters is also denied to those not in evening clothes. Such rules are in accordance with the snobbish definition of a gentleman as one who "dresses for dinner," but most of us know that it takes more than that to make a man, to say nothing of a gentleman.

Liberia has lately lost nominal control of part of the territory over which the congress of the black republic was supposed to exercise sovereignty. A new treaty with France has been negotiated, delimiting the boundaries of the republic's country to the advantage of France. The French insist that in view of the ignorance of the natives in the interior of the existence of any independent government on the coast, it is not encroachment on an independent power for the French to push their boundaries seaward. As Liberia is an independent power, the protection of its territory is a matter for its government, and not for outsiders. American friends of the country may regret that the experiment of sitting up a negro republic has not been more successful, but they must face the facts.

Public confidence has been shaken by the excessive exploitation not of the proper business of certain corporations, but of their stocks and securities to advance the personal schemes of high officials. "Gentlemen's agreements" for doubtful, perhaps sinister, purposes, securing possession of a chain of banks to further the ends of purely speculative pools and combinations, are among the abuses of "high finance" revealed during the depression from which we are recovering. The real property of the country is intact. The mines, the railroads, the mills, the flocks and herds still exist. The land is productive and will produce, at a tremendous rate. All the elements of abounding and continuing prosperity in office, field and abode are with us. The one thing

needful is the elimination of stock watering and stock jobbing directors and other officials to whom the organization of our industries and the conservation of the wealth of the country is to a very great, to a commanding, extent committed. We shall have gathered good from our financial ills if the obligations of trusteeship are more religiously observed.

In 1905 the game of football cost the lives of 24 players and injured 200 others. That was the worst record the game has ever made in this country. Coming after several years of high fatality lists, it excited a movement for reform, which ended in a general agreement that if the rules could not be so revised as to eliminate the increasing perils of life and limb, and if the worst of the commercial evils of the game could not be removed, then the game itself would have to be banished from our colleges and high schools. Columbia University put forth an edict of banishment, but most other institutions contented themselves with a revision of the rules, from which much improvement was hoped. That there has been an improvement in the moral tone of the business management of the game is certain, but the statistics of casualties for this year have been the cause of great disappointment over the working of the new rules of playing. Last year the deaths were 14 and the injured 100, and this year the deaths number 13 and the injured 152. Meanwhile Columbia is giving the colleges an object lesson in the possibility of prospering without the game. A committee of the faculty investigated last spring the effects of the retirement from the field of sports, and reported that attendance at the university had grown that students took more interest in their studies and that no loss was observable. Recently the students have worked up enough interest in a mock political campaign, with primaries, conventions and the full machinery of genuine politics, to compensate them for the loss of the football excitement. It is certainly incumbent on the people who still believe in the future of football to meet the present situation and show that it can be played with reasonable safety. It is true that the most fatalities are among high school pupils and other boys not in fit physical condition, but the colleges cannot escape some of the responsibility for these deaths, since they furnish the incentive to the noncollegiate players and since their rules are the rules the others follow.

With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Deer!

—Eugene Field.

## TALKS ON ADVERTISING

"Tongue" in business is at a discount. The modern salesman is the man who knows when not to speak. So of advertising, silence is often golden. Increase your effort as your field narrows. It is easier to sell \$10 worth of goods among a thousand people than to sell that amount among one hundred. If you have only a hundred prospects, then work them hard. Good advertising cannot be called an expense, for it is only an investment. Just as you place your money in a shoe stock or a line of furnishings, and you get your money out of it just as surely, and with possibly a better margin on the investment. No door is thick enough to keep out the newspaper and its advertising; no chamber is too remote, or too quiet, for the favorite family paper; no surveillance is so strict but the newspaper is admitted, and it brings its message of wars, of elections, accidents, marriages, births and deaths—and advertisements.

VALUE OF SALT TO MAN. It is an important constituent of the blood.

Salt holds a prominent place in the list of our food accessories. From the most ancient times man has valued salt as apparently a needful item in his dietetic substances, and even lower animals exhibit an instinct for salt such as represents an inborn craving arising from a dictate of nature herself. The history of salt in relation to the body is itself interesting. It seems to be a mineral compound universally distributed throughout our tissues. Even the freshest of our meats contain salt as part and parcel of their composition. Equally notable is the fact that salt is found in the excretions of the body. It is given off in very appreciable quantity in the perspiration and in other forms of waste resulting from our bodily wear and tear. So important a constituent of the blood is salt that in cases of loss of blood the surgeon injects into the circulation a solution of salt and water and thus contrives to replenish in a certain fashion the depleted supply. In some way or other, as yet imperfectly understood, salt appears to be necessary for maintaining what we may call the chemical equilibrium of the blood. One of the punishments inflicted under the old laws of Holland and one regarded as in severity next to that of death was the keeping of a prisoner for a certain length of time on a diet from which all salt was excluded. The result was emaciation, and death if the deprivation was long persisted in.

It doesn't take the average woman one-third as long to mix up a cake and bake it, as it took her to run next door and borrow the eggs.

## LITTLE-Oh-DEAR.

See, what a wonderful garden is here, Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Deer! Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown— Search ye the country and hunt ye the town And never ye'll meet with a garden so queer As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-Deer!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue, Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew, The cactus that trails over trellis and wall, Roses and pansies and violets—all Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Deer.

And up at the top of that lavender tree A silver bird singeth as only can she; For, ever and only, she singeth the song "I love you—I love you!" the happy day long; Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here! I love you, I love you," my Little-Oh-Deer!

The garden may wither, the silver bird fly— But what careth my little precious, or I? From her pathway of flowers that in springtime upstart She walketh the tenderer way in my heart And, oh, it is always the summer time here.

With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Deer!

—Eugene Field.

## The Burglary in Lark Spur Lane

Larkspur Lane, with its three detached villas, was deserted and silent. The postman had left the last post at "Moneta" and "Delphinium," and trudged wearily away. A policeman had strayed down the road a short distance, and had thrown his lantern negligently on the oak fence, and then he, too, had turned back to the main road and Eliza, the cook, at "Valerian Villa," who awaited him.

Nothing broke the calm of Larkspur Lane, for the figure that entered it from the lighted street neglected the pavement and came forward in silence on the soft, badly paved road. There was no hesitation in his movements; apparently his actions were part of a premeditated plan. He glanced up and down the little cul-de-sac, and then threw his leg over the oak fence and dropped on the other side. Here he paused listening, but no sound came from "Moneta" to disturb him. Whoever the intruder might be, he evidently knew his ground, and had studied his plan of campaign with assiduity. He crossed the little square of turf and jumped lightly across the gravel path, where the crunch of the stones would have betrayed him. Any one casually approaching the shed in the dark could not have noticed the path in the deep shadow of the trees. Silently he opened the door, disappearing one moment into the darkness, when emerged carrying a short ladder. The incredible noiselessness of his movements would have astounded a watcher. He walked up to the house and planted the ladder against a window. Again he paused to listen, and then ran lightly up it. The window was open, and he swung himself into the house. Swiftly he sped upstairs. The house had evidently no more secrets than the garden had held for him. On the next landing he stopped a moment outside a door, his ear to the jamb, then he opened it, closed it after him, and walked straight over to a chest that stood beneath the dressing table. From the pocket of his long coat he produced a steel chisel, the chest emitted one sharp, startling crack before the lid flew open.

The intruder glanced hastily to the door before he plunged his hand amid the contents of the box. Papers, letters, he cast upon the floor, then held a large bundle up in the moonlight and looked at it carefully. Apparently he was satisfied with his scrutiny, for he dropped the packet into his pocket. He rose from his knee, and indiscriminately swept brooches, bangles, a little gold watch, a necklace, and a ring—so into a bag.

The thief looked round the room with a smile, and then opening the door, made his way downstairs. But the return journey was fated to be noisier than his advent. As he passed the bathroom he jabbed his foot with a crash against a can.

"Lawks! Who's there?" cried a voice from within.

The man did not answer, but sped on with a laugh. Whoever had heard him crash into the can evidently heard his laugh as well, and did not recognize it, for he heard the bathroom window hastily thrown up. He flung his handkerchief over the lower part of his face as he climbed out to his ladder.

"Murder!" shrieked the servant girl from the bathroom. "Fire!"

The still laughing burglar slid to the ground, but not before there came a man's voice from the garden.

"What is it?" he called, coming rapidly nearer. "What is it, Mary? Where are you?"

"The bathroom, sir," came the muffled reply, as decency overcame inclination.

The man in the garden watched a male form pass the window he had just quitted. He scaled the pailings

once more, and before Mary had half finished her prolonged and complicated story Larkspur Lane was deserted again.

John Fenwycke tried to cut Mary short, but nothing short of a shaking could have accomplished that end, and the bathroom door was still between them. Even to talk to a gentleman in a state of nudity, although a deal door intervened, offended Mary's sense of the proprieties.

"Lor, sir, let me throw somethin' on," she ejaculated in injured tones. "Is the house on fire?" asked John sternly, sniffing the while.

"No, sir, 'twas a burglar," stammered Mary, her clothes clinging to her damp form.

"A burglar! Where?" bawled John, stamping his foot in impatience. "Where?"

"Climb!" out of the saloon, window—began the maid servant.

John waited for no more. One bound took him to the bottom of the flight of stairs, and in a moment he leaned from the window and observed the burglar's means of escape.

He climbed hastily down, and searched the lane, the garden, and the shed. His hostess, Mrs. Fossick, joined him from the garden, where they had been sitting.

"What was it, John?" she queried. "Mary's so hysterical—I suppose it was only a mouse or a black beetle."

"No, it was a burglar," said John, laughing; "but as far as I can make out he has carried off no spoils. The dining-room's intact, and the plate. Mary heard him making his way upstairs, and started him. He must have fled incontinently, for there's no trace of him."

Mr. Fossick came back from his club about an hour later. "Why, Mary!" he exclaimed, "you look as though you had seen a ghost." He gazed from one to the other as though calling for an explanation.

"We've had a burglar alarm in your absence," cried John, laughing; "it wasn't discovered till his departure, and Mrs. Fossick was a little upset."

"Burglars at 'Moneta,'" repeated Fossick, incredulity in his eyes; "why, there's nothing worth stealing."

His eyes fell on his wife's face, and he went a step nearer her.

"The jewels are still at the bank, Mary?" he inquired, with a slight note of agitation in his voice.

"Yes," she said mechanically. Fossick's eyes sought his wife's. For the first time in their married life he knew she was telling him a lie. For the first time, he knew, but how many might she not have told him? He winced at the memory of the afternoon, and his hand went to his breast pocket.

He had sat down to work after tea that day while his wife and John had gone into the garden. After a while a longing for his wife's company had come over him, and he had wandered out in search of them.

At first it had been unconscious and unavoidable, but later he had listened intently and on purpose.

"You will redeem them?" he had heard John say.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Fossick had answered. "Oh, how good you've been, dear, dear, John!"

What promises had his wife made his friend? What intimate disclosure was this in which he had no part?

"It was hard—it was impossible, when Babble was alive, but now I can do it easily. It has been a weight on my mind all these years, but at last I shall be happy!"

Mary unhappy in her married life! Mary bound only to him so long as Babble breathed! Mary faithless—Fossick had almost groaned aloud. He turned to go, then stopped.

"You will bring them to me?" "Yes, to-night, before you go. I have them locked away upstairs. I think it would break Fred's heart—he's—he's so fond of me, and he'll think I've been poor and unhappy all these years. He mustn't know, John."

Fossick came back from his memories with a start. "Where's Mary?"

"I don't know," returned John, apparently absent; "she went out of the room a moment since. Ah! here she is!"

They heard her footsteps on the stairs, and detected her agitation before she burst in upon them.

"I've been robbed," she gasped. "John, John, they're gone!"

"What have?" demanded her husband, going to her. "Why, Mary, don't be so perturbed. I've never had anything very valuable to give you, I'm afraid. We'll soon get some more, and the jewels are safe at the bank, aren't they?"

"Yes," Mary's eyes were fixed on John, who stared back into hers with dismay written on his face.

"Go," she cried to him; "stop them!" As John went away Fossick went to his wife.

"Mary, explain. Do you love this man?"

"John! love John!" she echoed. "Fred, Fred, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say," he answered, firmly. "Do you love him? Answer me—yes or no."

"No." "Then why do you wreck your home for him?"

"What do you mean? Fred, tell me—explain, I—"

"The explanation must come from you."

"The explanation?" she repeated the word, dwelling on each syllable.

"Yes, I was in the garden before dinner—"

Mary did not remember what she had said to John, but she knew where in the trouble lay, while something in his persistence told her that he had guessed her secret about the jewels. But Fred knew nothing; he had seen only falsehood in her eyes, and wondered at it.

"I had to," she cried, wildly. "John did it for me. Babble was ill—oh, Fred, you remember, and I said it was a little legacy, do you remember? I couldn't see Babble die—of—of wanting the best. That's why I did it. Fred, darling. Oh, I should have told you, I know, but they were my jewels—to do with what I willed, and I knew you'd try to prevent me—perhaps run into debt yourself and be worried. So John did it, and I've been saving from my dress allowance—do you remember how angry you were about the bonnet? Three years, you said, and a hat became mummied millinery. But I saved it at last, Fred, and now—"

Slowly the light was beating through to Fred. Babble's illness—the legacy. He drew a packet softly from his breast pocket. Not love letters—what then? He handed them without a word to his wife. She gave a great cry, and she broke the seal and the little tickets and contract notes fell to the ground.

"Pawn tickets!" he ejaculated, and then stared at his wife. For a moment there was silence, then he gathered her into his arms. "Forgive me, sweet," he murmured, his lips almost touching hers. "I was mad—jealous—unworthy. Because I heard those words there in the garden—I destroyed the trust of a life. I thought that John and you—"

"Oh, Fred," she murmured, lifting her lips to his, "but—how did you get them back?"

"I—I— Fred started at her, and held her close. "I was a beast, Mary—distraught—horrible! But I didn't open the packet, dear. I—I was the burglar."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## ENGLISH SPORT IS WORK.

Not Much Play About Hunting in Scotland, Says a Boston Man.

"The Americans who think that English sport is play made easy have something to learn," said John Mason Little, who returned to Boston this morning on the Saxon after a month's shooting in Scotland. "I know that the notion prevails over here that the English go in for their sport in a spirit of enjoyment while we are supposed to make hard work of it. That is a pretty dream. As a matter of fact, the Englishman turns his sport into the hardest kind of work. It may not be professional, but their golf and their hunting are undertaken in dead earnest."

Since early in September, when he went to Scotland for a vacation from business, Mr. Little, accompanied by Mrs. Little and his two daughters, has been in the Scottish highlands at Beaufort castle, the country seat of Lord Lovat, which had been leased for the shooting season by Mr. Little's son-in-law, Charles W. Ogden of New York, says Boston Transcript.

"The Englishman who is stalking a deer in the highlands may think he is having an easy time because he has never been used to anything else, but shooting in the Maine woods is a holiday compared to the scramble up hill and down after those Scottish deer. In the course of a day's stalking you are fairly sure to cover fifteen or twenty miles, while even if you go out for grouse, the tramp from cover to cover will take you ten miles before you know it."

The economic condition of Scotland Mr. Little found especially interesting to a stranger. "Practically the whole of rural Scotland," he said, "is leased, at all events, during the hunting season. The hunting lands are so valuable that there is hardly a laird of them who can afford not to rent his estate for the shooting."

Mr. Little said that the most forcible illustration of the difference between the old country and this was furnished by a servant in the castle which he was occupying. He spoke to a maid to tell her that his telephone bell was not in order. She seemed not to comprehend. He repeated that his telephone bell was not ringing, and asked: "Do you understand?"

"Ah'm takin' notice, sir," said the girl, and Ah'll write the manager directly about it!"

## But Still Out of the Union.

Nature is something of a manufacturer herself. In the case of certain cactus marvelous natural pottery is produced. Woodpeckers excavate nests in the trunk and branches, and to protect itself the plant exudes a sticky juice, which hardens, forming a woody lining to the holes made by the birds. Eventually the cactus dies and withers away, but the wooden bowls remain.

A brunette says that the blondes are always selfish, and that they are exceedingly affected in their manner toward gentlemen.

## QUEER STORIES

Leather is used for horseshoes in some parts of Australia.

Norway has twenty hospitals devoted to the treatment of leprosy.

Key West has a salt water fire and sanitary flushing system.

The dragon fly moves through the air sither backward or forward.

The average temperature of the entire globe is 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

A disease-proof potato has been introduced into France from Uruguay.

The period of incubation is shortest with humming birds, being ten days.

The first locomotive west of the Mississippi was put upon the track at St. Louis in 1852.

New naphtha springs and a large naphtha lake have been discovered about eight miles from Nabliksaya bay, in the Russian portion of Saghalien.

A diamond drill bore-hole 6,700 feet deep was put down in Upper Silesia in 1900. Another deep hole was put down on the Rand, South Africa, in 1905, the depth being 6,304 feet.

The minting of nickel coins in the Republic of Colombia has been ordered. The new coins will be 25 per cent nickel and 75 per cent copper, and will take the place of one, two and five peso notes.

In remote villages of the Salzkammergut, Hungary, the mania for things English is so strong that the postboys frequently remove English stamps from letters and substitute Hungarian, thus delaying the delivery of the letters.

It is claimed that Massachusetts leads in the cranberry output, with an average crop of about 400,000 bushels annually; New Jersey is a close second, with about 350,000 bushels, and Wisconsin ranks third with an average of about 100,000 bushels.

It is stated that so much had been learned by the flight of "Nulli Secundus" to London that its use will be abandoned, and that a new ship with considerable alterations, based on the experiences of the flight, will be put in hand.

The wonders revealed by the ordinary microscope are increased a hundredfold by a recent invention, which enables the use of a high-power lens as large as six inches in diameter—thus bringing the whole of objects instead of details only under observation.

Oscar P. Thrasher, age nine years, of this town, claims the honor of being the youngest telephone exchange operator in the world. At the age of seven years he began to operate and soon exhibited a wonderful ability for the work.—Pindge correspondence Boston Herald.

In the Ch'anghi district a wolf killed a Chinese child. The physician of the local mission made ready his gun and proposed to hunt down the beast. "Don't seek him at this season, but wait until his pelt is thick," was the characteristically Chinese advice which was offered to the would-be hunter.—North China News.

The wedding dress of the Ilac poplin worn by Queen Alexandra on the occasion of her marriage, forty-four years ago, and in which she first won the hearts of her future subjects, is still very carefully preserved by her majesty. This dress was chosen in compliment to Queen Victoria, who always had a love of lilac.

St. George and the Dragon. Other nations besides England have fought under the banner of St. George and other knightly orders as well as that of the Garter have been instituted in his honor. He was the guardian saint of Sicily, Aragon, Valencia, Genoa, Malto and Barcelona; a Venetian order of St. George was created in 1200, a Spanish in 1317, an Austrian in 1470, a Genoese in 1472 and a Roman in 1492. More modern orders bearing his name are those of Bavaria (1729), Russia (1767) and Hanover (1839). The device of St. George slaying the dragon forms part of the arms of the czar and appears on several Russian coins. The conjecture that this was owing to the presentation of the Garter by Elizabeth to Ivan Vassilievitch has no foundation in fact, for Chancellor, the first outspoken Englishman to visit Russia, speaks of a dispatch sent in 1554 from Ivan Vassilievitch to Queen Mary, the seal of which "was much like the broad seal of England, having on the one side the image of a man on horseback in complete harness fighting with a dragon."—London Chronicle.

A Nice Calculation. A Flemish gentleman conceived the idea that he would only live a certain time, so he made a nice calculation of his fortune, which he so apportioned as to last just the same period as he guessed his life would extend to.

Strangely enough, his calculations came correct to the letter, for he died punctually at the time he had previously reckoned. He had so far exhausted his estate that after his debts had been discharged a solitary pair of slippers represented the entire property he left. His relatives buried him, and a representation of the slippers was carved on the tomb. To-day in a churchyard at Amsterdam his grave may be seen, the only inscription on the stone being two Flemish words, "Effen Ny!" (i. e., "Exactly").

Tell the truth, or some one will tell it for you.

## Science AND INVENTION

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A diamond drill bore hole 6,700 feet deep was put down in Upper Silesia in 1900. Another deep hole was put down on the Rand, South Africa, in 1905, the depth being 6,304 feet.

Autogenous welding is successfully applied by Robert Hopfield, a German electrician, to the soldering of aluminum wires, a direct union of aluminum with aluminum being readily obtained.

Bricks made of sand and lime and hardened in the air are used largely in districts where there is no clay from which clay brick can be made, but where an abundance of sand can be found.

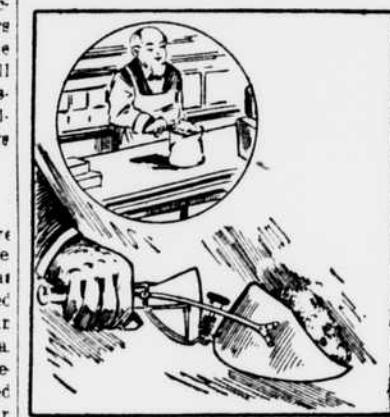
It is stated that so much had been learned by the flight of "Nulli Secundus" to London that its use will be abandoned and that a new ship with considerable alterations, based on the experience of the flight, will be immediately put in hand.

According to J. Dybowski, a progressive desiccation of the air and soil is manifest in the region of the Sudan, the underlying cause being the destruction of the original forests. Cape Verde is cited as an example. In the eighteenth century the botanist, Adanson, described it as covered with a vast forest, whence its name. Now the forests are gone, the rivers are diminished, sheets of water have disappeared, and the productivity of the soil is falling, until in many places the region has become almost sterile. The natives began the destruction of the forests ignorantly; white men continue it for immediate selfish ends.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, the apparatus of Dr. Fortin for rendering visible the inner structure of the human eye was described. A very brilliant mirror is illuminated with a Cooper Hewitt tube, and the light is reflected into the eye, after traversing two thicknesses of blue glass and being concentrated by a large lens fixed in a screen. The observer places his eye behind the lens at such a distance that the whole field appears uniformly illuminated. What he sees is a reflection of the interior of his own eye. The circulation of the blood in the minute vessels is visible. When a screen pierced with a pinhole is passed rapidly to and fro between the eye and the lens, the structure of the fovea, the minute spot on the retina which is the most sensitive part of the eye, is revealed. The apparatus is designed to aid investigations by oculists.

## SCOOP THAT WEIGHS.

Does Away with the Necessity of Employing Counter Scales. Every grocer can scoop up sugar or coffee, etc., from the storage bin and very closely gauge the correct quantity. Yet he would not be willing to give it to the customer as the full weight to be purchased without first testing it on



the scales. A Texas man has hit upon the idea of having the scoop indicate the weight of the contents, eliminating the necessity of transferring it to the scales. His weighing scoop is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pan for gathering up the article to be weighed is pivoted to the handle and operates a pointer, which indicates the weight of the contents on a scale. If a pound of sugar is wanted, the grocer dips enough out of the bin to swing the pointer to the pound mark. The sugar is then transferred directly to a bag, doing away with the necessity of weighing on the scales.

## Southern Exposure.

Little Charlie is the bright son of a poor downtown family. He goes to school every day and is a model in his studies and conduct, but he is much ashamed that his clothes are not as good as those of the other boys. His teacher was explaining the points of the compass the other day. She said: "You have in front of you the north, on your right the east, on your left the south. Charlie, tell me what have you behind you?" Charlie turned crimson and, after a moment's hesitation, said: "I've got a patch on my pants; I knew you'd see it. I told mamma you would."—Philadelphia Record.

If you are idle, your excuse for calling on a busy man is, "I will not take up much of his time." But the busy man will have other callers during the day.







# ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, MAR. 4, 1908.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year, in advance - \$2 00  
Six Months, " - 1 00  
Three Months " - 75

## ADVERTISING RATES

Professional Cards, per month - \$1 00  
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Locals, 10 cents per line, first insertion;  
5 cents per line, each subsequent insertion.

Cards of thanks, obituaries, etc., sent in for publication will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

## JOB WORK

This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

## WRANGELL AND CASSIAR

That the Cassiar country and the country drained by the Iskut are destined to become great producers of precious metals is shown by the annual increase in the number of miners who spend the summer season in those sections. There is no great hullabaloo raised over the fact, but each year the companies operating hydraulics in the Cassiar employ more men than during the preceding season, and each fall they bring out bigger "pokes" of gold than the year before. Not only is this true of the larger companies, but the men who "rock" or "pan" are each year adding to their equipment and making other preparations to increase the scale of their operations.

Prospectors, too, are becoming more numerous as the news of the richness of the "up-river" country is disseminated, and as their numbers increase, so, also, must good discoveries increase, until a few years will see this one of the countries famous for its gold production.

A few years ago, when the fabulous strikes were made on the Yukon, and the Stikine was thought to be the gateway to that country, thousands lured thence by their dreams of gain took this route, but in their greed and avarice trampled upon the yellow kernels that lay hidden in the path. Some of the conservative "old stagers," however, in passing through, became pleased with the appearance of the formations along the trail, and halted in the mad rush to try out a pan or two occasionally. Some of these went no further, and are now making annual pilgrimages to this Mecca of their hearts' desire.

The country is large; millions of acres have never borne the impress of a human foot; ample room for many thousands of prospectors and miners. The "stuff" is there; all lacking is the discovery.

Now, who is going to publish the facts to the world? Who will be benefitted, whose business increased, whose property advanced in its value by a flood of successful prospectors and miners into the Cassiar and Iskut countries? Who is it "up to"—if they would see their town grow in population and numbers of payroll-producing industries, et cetera—to let the world know that such a country exists as the Cassiar? (few geographers know it now.) Did you, who read this, ever hear of the Cassiar when you were in school?

To this writer, reasons are obvious that Wrangell is the one place should apprise the world of the fact that she has a country near at hand in which a man, with the crudest appliances, can wash out from two to twenty dollars per day in almost every creek. Wrangell is the port of clearance for those who go into the Cassiar and the port of entry for those coming out. Every pound of freight, every article of merchandise and every parcel of baggage that goes to the Cassiar must be transferred at Wrangell. Every person going to the Cassiar, or coming out from the Cassiar,

must go through Wrangell. Does this mean anything to Wrangell? Well, rather! Transportation facilities being somewhat uncertain, and good connections sometimes not made, these people stop in the town from one to ten days, and all our business men feel the stimulus and influence of the money left by them. There is no need of trying to disguise the fact that this money is what we want and need; and the more people who can induce to the country, the more money will we get. Someone will say that all the benefit is derived by the hotel, the restaurants and saloons. Let's see: When a hundred people eat at a restaurant, they require twice the amount of food that fifty would require. This food is bought from our grocers, butchers, fishermen and gardeners. The money thus gets into general circulation. As many people go up river in canoes, the natives get their slice. Some build their own boats; this helps the sawmill. If ten thousand built their own boats the sawmill would increase its producing capacity, requiring more hands, who would, in turn, buy more necessities and build homes. This would give the carpenters and excavators a whack at the money. More carpenters, more grub and clothing required. Many use the hotel letter heads for writing home; thus the job printer "gets his," while increased population means a bigger subscription list for the newspaper man. And so it goes. As the volume of business increases, property will raise in value, and the taxes will produce more revenue, streets will be made and improved, sanitary measures taken; well, there is no use in talking when it is conceded that money makes the mare go.

In order, then, to get the money—and all its attendant benefits—is to first get the people. We can only get the people by telling them of the possibilities for profitable speculation, with which this section and up-river abound. We can tell them in no better way than by the publication of the prospectus for which this paper has been boosting for a long time. Ten thousand copies of a suitable prospectus will probably cost \$2,000 or more. But if it were instrumental in getting the people, the investment, we believe, would be a wise and profitable one. We have got the great resources; now let's advertise.

The Alaska-Treadwell Record, in a recent number, makes a horrible howl about an ungraceful row at a recent funeral at Douglas, and accuses the participants of "outlawry." It failed, however, to go to the root of the affair and confess why the funeral was made necessary. If the letter of the law had

been obeyed, and frozen dynamite refused to the miners, that funeral would not have taken place, and, consequently, the row would not have occurred. It makes a big difference whose ox is gored.

If you think SENTINEL ads. are not read, just insert a small ad. to the effect that you will give away \$10 gold pieces for one week, and see how many people make application within that time. The same is true of any other bargain. If you advertise a bargain, people will take advantage of it.

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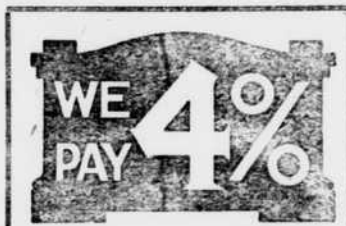
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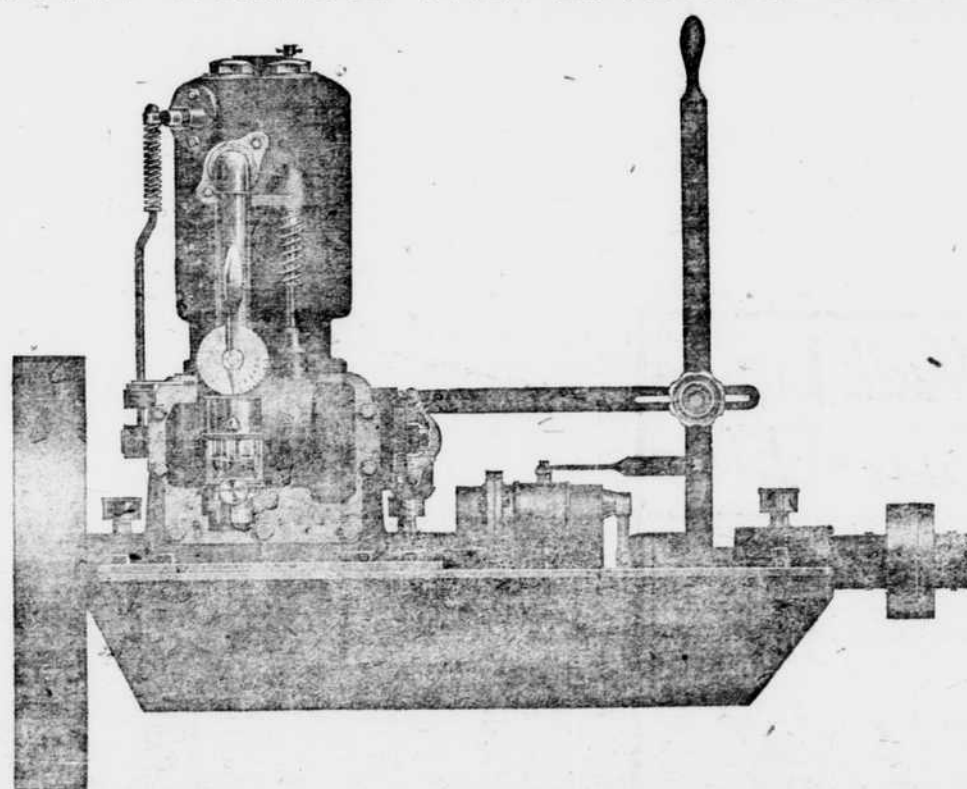
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